EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

SUEZ AND PANAMA: Harold Greer and Merill Rippy

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THE Nation

SEPTEMBER 29, 1956
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THE RIESEL MYSTERY

Case of the Missing Motive

by Fred J. Cook

Battle for Congress

Lining Up the "Hot" Races

by Edgar Kemler

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LETTERS

Safety in Speed

Dear Sirs: Mr. Cort's article in the September 1 issue, The Killer and the "Savior," was an interesting exercise in interpreting statistics. It may have been quite enlightening to anyone naive enough to believe that the National Safety Council contributes substantially to motoring safety. Furthering the idea that "speed kills," however, is a distinct disservice to the public since it obscures the primary danger. If "driving too fast to safely control a vehicle under existing conditions" is what Mr. Cort had in mind, he should have said so. Anyone who has tried to maintain a safe distance behind the auto in front of him only to have some idiot swerve into that interval from an adjoining lane will realize that I am not belaboring a word. It is not at all unusual to see from four-to-twelve-car bumper-to-bumper crashes on the Bayshore Freeway or the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge and usually these multiple car collisions occur during rush hours when it is often impossible to even approach the posted speed limits. It is obvious that sixty-five miles per hour can be much safer than thirty-five miles per hour under some conditions.

L. C. DALTON

Palo Alto, Calif.

The Crises Were Real

Dear Sirs: Mr. Paul Crosser, in his August 25 article in *The Nation,* indulged in gobbledygook himself. He writes that the crises "of the Truman regime were to a great extent manufactured, or at least magnified in Washington. A policy geared to overcoming fear is quite different from one geared to creating fear."

Most of us remember the Greek crisis of 1947; the Truman Doctrine may have been an imperfect answer to it, but it was a crisis nonetheless. We remember the European crisis that brought on the Marshall Plan; we do not know that the Marshall Plan helped much but there was a crisis. We remember the crisis in 1948 which brought on the Berlin airlift; the Russians provoked it; our riposte was gentle. We remember the crisis of the Korean War; for his courage in committing American soldiers to it, President Truman has received the bitter obloquoy of extreme right and extreme left. Indeed, in their reactions to all these crises, the extremes promiscuously united.

Mr. Crosser, had he read David Hume carefully, would know that Hume tried to tear off the veil of myth and dogma which overlays the mind and hinders it from seeing the empirical world of reality. In Mr. Crosser's case the veil is untorn.

ALBERT FRIED

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Articles on TV

Dear Sirs: I read with a great deal of interest the articles of Anne Langman on the TV idustry. Needless to say, this is a very complex industry with many facets and many diverse interests. That an outsider such as Miss Langman could dig into the facts and come up with such an accurate understanding is really quite remarkable.

MILTON A. GORDON,
President, Television Programs of America, Inc.

New York, N. Y.

Fresh Atmosphere

Dear Sirs: Your publication is to be complimented for using its columns to such good advantage. First the provocative letter from George Benjamin in the July 28 issue, followed by Starobin's in the issue of August 25. It has been a long time since this situation has been aired in any kind of fresh atmosphere.

ARTHUR J. RUBEL

Chicago, Ill.

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The Nation, Sept. 29, 1956, Vol. 183, No. 13

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Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $7, Two years $12, Three years $17. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1956
VOLUME 183, NUMBER 13

THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Editorials

The Word is Peace

President Eisenhower's radio-and-television address of September 19, with its massive emphasis on peace, measures the magnitude of the task that confronts Mr. Stevenson. In some respects his handicaps are even greater than they were in 1952. Four years ago the President and he were both contenders; now the President enjoys the special advantages that accrue to the incumbent. Moreover the President's manner is ideally suited for his present role—the confident office-holder, standing on his record, well above the battle. He has a made-to-order explanation in his illnesses for avoiding large mass meetings and rallies and relying on carefully staged solo radio-and-television appearances which provide an appropriate setting for dignified but informal talks in the manner of his September 19 address. In addition, Mr. Eisenhower has acquired political skills that he lacked in 1952.

Despite the fact that it was a bit too pat, the President's first official post-convention campaign speech was a bold and effective attempt to appropriate the major issue of the campaign. The word, he said, was peace. And so it is.

The Task Ahead for Adlai

What sort of campaign must Stevenson wage to assure him the best chance of victory in November? He is not likely to defeat President Eisenhower on political points, as by picking away at weak spots in the Republican record or by upping the Republican Party's bid for the support of various interest groups. Besides, Mr. Stevenson is least convincing when he is talking "straight" politics. In his Harrisburg speech, for example, he was visibly uncomfortable and the audience sensed his uneasiness. The grass-roots political approach may be effective in the Congressional campaigns, as Edgar Kemler points out in an article elsewhere in this issue (p. 262); but it is not likely to jar the President from the imposing pedestal on which he now stands. Nor is Mr. Stevenson likely to out-charm the genial Ike. His challenge, therefore, must be one of ideas. But the ideas cannot be petty or partisan or sectional; they must be bold enough and big enough to capture the popular imagination which is now dominated by the President's image.

Mr. Stevenson's problem is not that he aims too high; pitted against the President his only chance is to aim high. But his aim should be better. For example, instead of countering the President's emphasis on peace by saying that war *and* peace, not peace alone, are the main issues, he should propose to end the cold war here and now. He should take a bolder and more affirmative approach toward the momentous developments of the post-Stalin period. He might, by way of illustration, say that if elected he will call an international conference on ways and means of driving "hunger from history." In short, he should project some ideas into the campaign that will offset the soothing Republican lyrics about peace and prosperity and "the best four years of our lives." The way to combat complacency is not to exhort the complacent or waste time trying to convince them that they are not in fact well-fed, but to inspire them.

In this realm, fortunately, lies Stevenson's great talent; he is at his best when he is discussing ideas. Some words of Keir Hardie's quoted in a recent *Nation* article might well guide his thinking about the campaign: "If anything is to be really done in this world, it must be done by visionaries, by men who see the future, and make the future because they see it."

Senator Ellender Abroad

The Senate Internal Security subcommittee, chaired by Senator James Eastland, D. of Mississippi, will want to have a session with Senator Allen J. Ellender, D. of Louisiana, when the latter returns from a trip abroad that took him to the USSR and then to Korea and Formosa. Senator Ellender had praise for the Soviet Union after a visit there last summer, but this year, after an interview with Khrushchev that lasted two and a half hours, he was positively ecstatic. Russia, he announced—with the force of revelation— is not going to "crack"; smoke is billowing from Soviet factory chimneys and "houses, apartments and factories are

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going up everywhere." The arms race, he believes, might be moderated if the West were to clarify its aims and objectives. By his account, he was free in Russia to go wherever he wished and to see what he wanted to see.

But it was in Seoul that the broadening effects of the Senator's travels found their fullest, least inhibited expression. For it was there, in the sight and hearing of President Rhee, that he characterized the regimes in South Korea, Formosa and South Vietnam as "bottomless pits" into which we should not continue to pour economic aid. Instantly President Rhee's well-trained, well-paid claque of professional demonstrators took to the streets with placards denouncing the Senator and urging him to move on. Move on he did, and subsequently tried to make amends, particularly as regards the South Korean regime. But by then it was too late. And from the safe sanctuary of Brisbane in Australia, Senator Ellender acknowledged that he may have become fair game for the subcommittee chaired by Senator Eastland. Last year, he said, he was accused of being pro-Communist; but "this time, they'll say straight out that I'm a Red."

The trouble with traveling is that it's so broadening.

Men of Clay

The lockout of Negro students in the public schools of Clay and Sturgis, Kentucky, points up the importance of maintaining the momentum in the struggle for integration. There had been just enough relaxation of local and national pressure to enable the local school boards to regain the initiative. Each reversal of this kind encourages other communities to resist the Supreme Court's mandate and delays the process of integration. But for Mayor Herman Zamora Clark, and the other segregationists of Clay, Kentucky, the lockout may prove to be a Pyrrhic victory, for the eyes of world opinion are now riveted on this little backyard of reaction and, sooner or later, the glare will prove embarrassing.

Appearances to the contrary, social forces in the South today are in a highly fluid state. From a long-range point of view, there can be little doubt as to the direction in which these forces are tending. Many segregationists will concede, off the record, that their obstructionist tactics are aimed at delaying a process which cannot be reversed. The great weight of national opinion is against the segregationists; the pace of social change in the South is rapidly undermining their position; and there are within the South and within each community in the region, new sources of support for integrated schools.

In the absence of strong national leadership and timely support, it is unreasonable to expect that isolated individuals, as in the case of the courageous Mrs. Louise Gordon, mother of the two children locked out of the Clay schools, can indefinitely withstand intolerable local pressures. The parents of the eight children locked out of Sturgis High School are fighting back by boycotting, in turn, the all-Negro school, twelve miles away, which they had previously attended. Yet obviously the solution does not lie in this direction.

The ground lost in the retreat at Clay and Sturgis will be regained, but only at the price of added bitterness and cruel delay. But Mrs. Gordon, and others like her, can take some cold comfort in the fact that while they may have lost a battle, the war is being won on other and larger fronts. Once the battle for integration has been won in the larger centers of population, as it has in Louisville, the rural pockets of segregation cannot long prevail.

The Canal Crisis: I

SUEZ AND THE U.N. . . by HAROLD GREER

Washington

IT IS NOW generally known that the Suez Canal "Users' Association," which Sir Anthony Eden unveiled in such disturbing terms to a stunned Parliament on September 12, originated here with Secretary of State Dulles. What is not so well known is that Mr. Dulles came up with the idea as an alternative to a British proposal to take the Suez dispute forthwith to the United Nations, and that Sir Anthony agreed to give it a try only a few hours before he rose to make his speech.

The failure of the Menzies mission to get anywhere at all with President Nasser in Cairo left a vacuum which somehow had to be filled. The British government had been understandably reluctant to use the U. N., in view of its unhappy experience there over Iranian nationalization of the Abadan oil companies, but there appeared to be nothing else to do. Certainly the Labor opposition and most of the country expected such an announcement when the emergency session of Parliament convened.

Actually, the British cabinet did decide the preceding week-end to

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go to the U. N. It left unresolved, however, the procedural question of how this should be done: whether Egypt should be charged with threatening international peace under Chapter Seven of the U. N. Charter or whether Britain should simply complain that Egyptian nationalization of the canal created a situation within the meaning of Chapter Six, which provides for the pacific settlement of disputes "the continuance of which is likely to endanger the maintenance of international peace and security."

This dilemma was a real one and the failure to resolve it was the cause of the horrible snafu which ensued. Emotionally and politically, the British naturally wanted to take the stronger course; practically and realistically, however, they knew that only a moderate approach had any chance of success. Any resolution too strongly anti-Egyptian would certainly be vetoed by the Soviet Union. So the cabinet settled only the general course of action to be taken, which was that Britain would complain to the Security Council that nationalization of the Suez Canal Company created a situation likely to endanger international peace and security.

Diplomatic cables to that effect arrived here Monday, September 10. The State Department was known to be lukewarm on the idea, but was expected to go along. When Dulles heard of it, however, he apparently jumped to the conclusion —naturally enough, in view of the earlier British mood—that Britain was seeking a U. N. mandate for the subsequent use of force. He protested strongly that this was a bad move because Russia would only veto it and the whole issue would get lost in procedural wrangles. He recalled that economic sanctions had worked against Iran and had got rid of Mossadegh, and he suggested the same thing could be tried on Nasser. He was well aware that about 90 per cent of the canal tonnage was controlled by the five major users—Britain, U. S., France, Norway and Italy. If Nasser refused to play ball, these users could ruin him by boycotting the canal.

New Statesman and Nation

Sir Anthony Eden

Dulles met with Hervé Alphand, the new French Ambassador, and had no trouble selling him the idea. Under pressure from both Washington and Paris, Sir Anthony asked for clarification and received Dulles' promise of American financial assistance if the worst came to the worst. Sir Anthony agreed to abandon the U. N. move for the time being.

This explains the extraordinary differences in description of the "Users' Association" given in Westminster by the British Prime Minister and here a day later by the Secretary of State. Sir Anthony naturally assumed the United States had finally come around to a strong anti-Nasser line, since the proposal only makes sense if it is intended to provoke Nasser into breaching the 1888 guarantee of unrestricted navigation, something he has been careful to avoid thus far. (It can be argued that Egypt's denial of Israeli shipping is authorized under Article Ten of the convention.)

Conceivably, economic sanctions might ruin Nasser, but they would ruin a good many other countries as well. India, for example, receives about 70 per cent of her imports and ships 60 per cent of her exports via Suez.

Eventually, Britain will have to take Suez to the U. N.—if it is not taken there by someone else first. At this writing, the organizational meeting of the "Users' Association"

Drawing by Berger

Secretary Dulles

in London is proving one of the diplomatic duds of the century. Norway, Italy and the other powers present were not consulted beforehand and they are somewhat upset and apprehensive over the whole deal, especially Mr. Dulles' idea that one of them should be the guinea pig in trying to get through the canal.

It can be argued that the U. N. would only confound the Suez confusion. The legal issues are by no means clear-cut: is the Egypt of today, for example, bound by what His Highness the Khedive, and his superior, the Emperor of the Ottomans, did one hundred years ago? And neither side has clean hands in the matter. The British closed the canal to all but friendly shipping when they were running it during both world wars. Undoubtedly, any reference of the dispute to the international court by the U. N. would be of dubious value.

Nevertheless, the U. N. was set up for just such situations as this. The international character of Suez has certainly been established by practice and it is inconceivable that a majority of countries could not be found to support the principle that some international agreement is necessary which will preserve freedom of navigation and the impartial administration of tolls and traffic control. Nasser himself has agreed to negotiate such an agreement, and specifically under U. N. auspices. All that is required, really, is the proper international mandate and setting that only the U. N. can provide.

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The Canal Crisis: II

PANAMA AND SUEZ . . by MERRILL RIPPY

Balboa, Canal Zone

THE nationalization of the Suez Canal by Egypt has aroused considerable enthusiasm in Panama. This country certainly knows as much as the next about international waterways and the foreign influences on domestic affairs which accompany them. Boos for Dulles and cheers for Nasser in the Panamanian movie houses were more, however, than mere expressions of sentiment for what appeared to be an underdog; they undoubtedly reflected some generally suppressed feelings about foreign-controlled canals crossing national territory but manned and guarded by foreigners.

The nationalization of Suez, moreover, occurred at a moment when relations between Panama and the United States were deteriorating in another direction. Under a new treaty—the Eisenhower-Remon agreement—between the two countries which is to go into effect January 1, Panamanian workers in the Canal Zone are going to lose their traditional privilege of buying food and clothing in the Panama Canal Company commissaries, which are run on a non-profit basis and are permitted to import goods without duty. And the 17,000 workers affected will get no increase in pay to offset this important economic loss.

So long as the commissaries are open to them, these workers can overlook the fact that their wages are a good deal lower than those of their American co-workers; the scale is still very high compared to that paid in Panama outside the Zone. But the new provision will destroy this mollifying element and will mean a 25 per cent drop in real wages for the employees involved.

It was not the United States, but the Panama government itself which requested that the new treaty ban the commissaries to workers of Panamanian nationality. The sight of Panamanians spending some $12,000,000 annually in the Zone without any commercial benefit accruing to Panamanian business men was too much for this country's ruling business oligarchy to bear. The Panama government apparently hoped that inclusion in the treaty of a clause providing for equal pay for equal work in the Zone would result in an offsetting wage increase for the Panamanian workers. The hope proved short-lived; spokesmen for the United States have recently announced here that the treaty, according to Washington's interpretation, means no such thing.

Indeed, there was ample evidence that the Panama Canal Company had no intention of equalizing wages. The Eisenhower-Remon agreement was signed on January 25, 1955, yet in all this time the company had made no move toward equalizing either pay or opportunity for advancement which, in Panama's view, the treaty called for. When the recent statement by an American spokesman made company policy clear in this respect, labor leaders here expressed "surprise and bitterness."

The workers affected are mostly English-speaking Negroes of West Indian descent. From the time of the canal's construction days and the so-called "gold and silver"—i.e., black and white—payrolls, some discrimination has existed against non-United States (that is, non-white) employees of the company. This discrimination has come up repeatedly as a bone of contention between Panama and Washington in the negotiation of treaties affecting canal personnel. Instead of proposing the abolition of the commissaries, the present Panamanian government would have done better to insist on the implementation of the non-discrimination clause. But the truth is that Panama's ruling oligarchy itself tends to discriminate against the country's colored citizens. As late as 1941 the country's constitution divided citizens into "desirable" and "undesirable" elements, the "desirable" category comprising every Panamanian whose mother tongue was Spanish. While a new and more liberal constitution was instituted in 1946, the intervening years have not entirely abolished the tendency to ignore the rights of the "undesirables," among whom most Negroes were included. The fact that the Panamanian government is composed of a tight oligarchy made up of an astonishingly small number of families (the Ariases, De La Guardias, Espinosas, Arosemenas) which works closely with a commercial and shipping plutocracy made it all the easier for officials to overlook the effects of the Eisenhower-Remon agreement on a large section of the population.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that the United States had no intention of raising wage rates was bad enough. Secretary Dulles further affronted Panama public opinion when he revealed in a Washington press conference that he was totally unaware of the entire issue. Asked about his interpretation of the treaty and the clause dealing with the status of Panamanian workers for the canal company, Dulles replied that the Panama Canal was a national waterway of the United States which exercised sovereignty over it and the Zone through which it was cut. Dulles plainly was preoccupied with Suez and its implications, but Panamanians were outraged, first that the Secretary should have been ignorant of the specific problem involved, and second that he should have declared the canal a national water-

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MERRILL RIPPY, associate professor of history at Lamar State College of Technology, Beaumont, Texas, is on leave as visiting professor of social science at the University of Panama.

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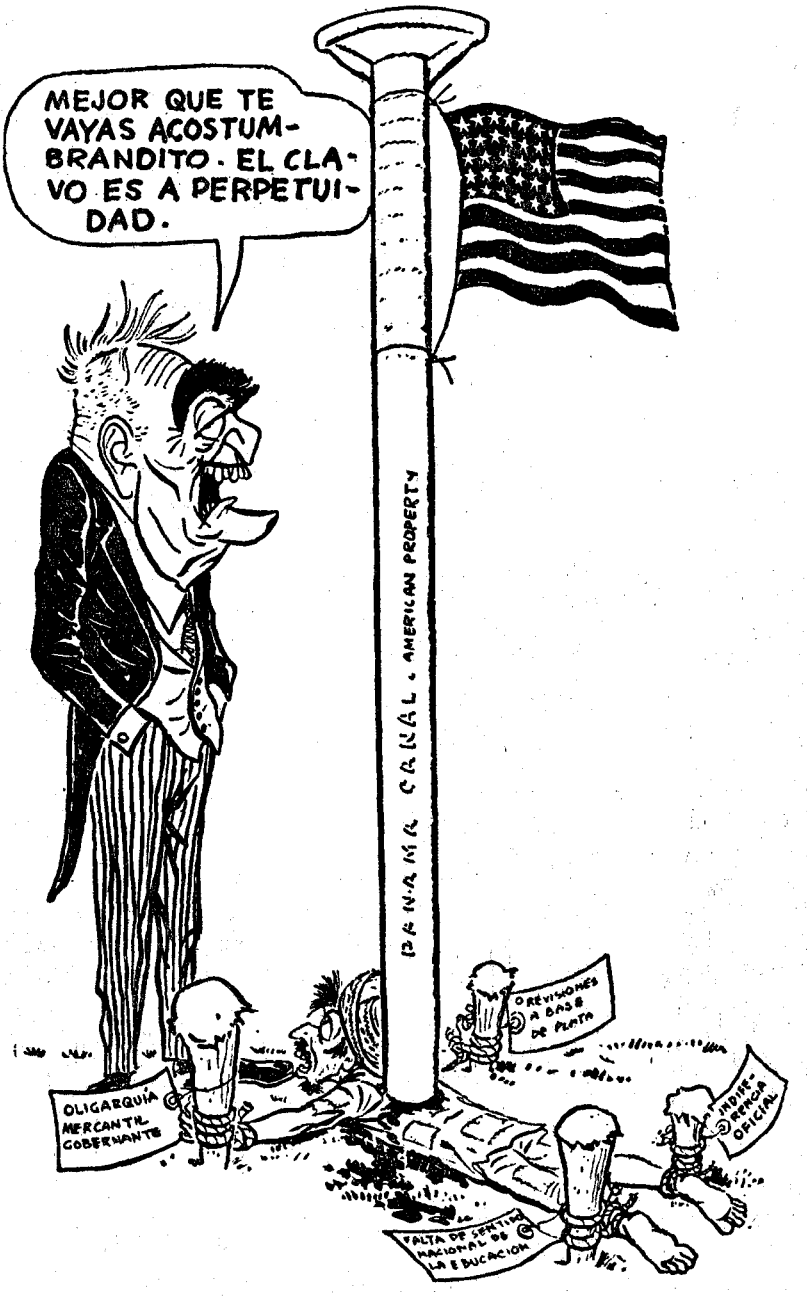
way of the United States (like the Mississippi River). Panama has never regarded the United States as sovereign in the Zone; she has never conceded that the canal is U. S. property which could be internationalized, for example, without Panamanian consent. Every Panamanian newspaper declared that Panama had been insulted.

THE WHOLE situation forced a formal diplomatic protest on the Dulles incident to be sent to Washington —a gesture designed to placate Panamanian public opinion as much as to force the United States to cast a glance at Panama's position in the Suez crisis. Even so, a government fundamentally dependent on and hence friendly to the United States nearly toppled. In all such situations, the Panama government finds itself boxed in. It cannot afford to ignore public pressure, and responds generally in a way which tends to support the *de facto* power of the United States in the Canal Zone, while seeking at the same time to assert its own *de jure* sovereignty.

The result of Washington's rather cavalier treatment of this small country could have been foreseen: Panama is the only American nation which has joined the Communist and Bandung blocs in supporting Nasser's action in Suez.

When President Eisenhower visited Panama in July to attend the meeting of the American Presidents commemorating the first Pan-American Congress called by Simon Bolivar in 1826, he was easily the most popular figure. No other of the nineteen Presidents received such acclaim. In fact, for such as Castillo Armas of Guatemala and Hector Trujillo of the Dominican Republic there were hostile demonstrations in the narrow streets of Panama as they drove by in tightly closed, air-conditioned cars. Sirens of the escorting police had to be run full blast to drown out catcalls. Eisenhower's physical condition generated sympathetic interest that was almost universal. But in a few weeks' time that rather amazing "reservoir of good will" for the United States has been drained considerably by a Panamanian sense of betrayal and a nostalgia for the days of the Good Neighbor policy.

A Panamanian View


MEJOR QUE TE VAYAS ACOSTUMBRANDITO. EL CLAVO ES A PERPETUIDAD.
PANAMA CANAL . AMERICAN PROPERTY
OLIGARQUIA MERCANTIL GOBERNANTE
PREVISIONES A BASE DE PLATA
INDIFERENCIA OFICIAL
FALTA DE SENTIDO NACIONAL DE LA EDUCACION

To a prostrate Panama, impaled by a spike representing the canal and tied hand and feet to a "mercantile oligarchy," "lack of education" etc., Secretary Dulles says "Better get used to it. The spike is in for good." (El Dio *of Panama.*)

The Panamanian cartoon which pictured the canal as a spike driven through the body of a prostrate Panama, the limbs of which were pinned down by a maritime-commercial oligarchy guarded by a malevolent John Foster Dulles-Uncle Sam, represents a conception that cannot safely be ignored. No one, least of all Panamanians, seriously expects that Panama plans to demand the nationalization of the canal, but the example of Nasser is heady and is admired not only in the Arab world. "Our canal," Panamanians call it, and defiantly half believe it. Nasser has reminded Panamanians that, given the right circumstances, small and weak countries can sometimes defy great nations. Mexico did it in 1938, Egypt in 1956 seems to be doing it. And in 1974?

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BATTLE FOR CONGRESS

Lining Up the "Hot" Races . . by EDGAR KEMLER

Washington

LITTLE WONDER that Adlai Stevenson is getting so much mileage (real or apparent) out of his new grass-roots technique. For by this means he comes face to face with that mysterious discontent that somehow escapes the prosperity indices. It was with the same technique that the Democrats in Congress quietly increased their percentage of the popular vote from about 50 per cent in the 1952 debacle to 53.5 per cent in 1954. This meant a net gain to them of about eighteen House seats and one new Senate seat—enough, of course, for them to organize the Eighty-fourth Congress. To judge by the Maine returns, it seems safe enough to project this trend forward into November. If the Stevenson-Kefauver ticket can inherit most of that anticipated Democratic popular majority for Congress (let's put the figure at 55 per cent) in as few as twenty states, then the ticket will quietly steal the election.

So far, clear sailing for the Democratic Congressional aspirants. The trouble is that this is a Presidential year, and any weaknesses in the national ticket are likely to affect adversely the Congressional candidates. And the Democratic national ticket has weaknesses. The first and most important of them is the party's civil-rights plank, which has touched off a revolt of hitherto loyal Negro voters. That there is now in progress a revolt of precinct captains in such Negro communities as Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis and New York is admitted by top leaders of both sides. But whether the upshot will be mass defections from Democratic ranks, or a "plague-on-both-your-houses" neutrality, nobody yet knows.

Republican raids on Negro voters in 1948 cut heavily into Democratic majorities in Philadelphia and elsewhere. (The GOP lost these gains in 1952.) Even if the Republicans repeat their 1948 gains, they can't hope to capture the dozen Congressional districts in which the big Negro communities are centered. But in some forty or fifty adjacent districts, and in the respective state races (which are everywhere regarded as close), such gains could be decisive.

No doubt the Stevenson camp took factors like these into consideration in framing the Democratic civil-rights plank. The strategy seems to be to solidify the 167 electoral votes of the South and the border states and to take pot-luck among the big industrial states for the other ninety-nine votes needed for election. However, Mayor Wagner of New York, Democratic senatorial nominee for that state, who will have an uphill fight to recover the 800,000 New York Democratic votes lost to Eisenhower in 1952, cannot afford to take pot-luck with 180,000 shifting Negro votes. On the civil-rights issue, at least, he must be considerably less moderate than Stevenson.

THE second weakness of the Democratic national ticket is Stevenson's failure to come to grips with the peace issue which, traditionally, has been the key to the farm vote in the Middle West and elsewhere. (Not many farmers agree with the Iowan who recently said: "If it takes a war to make us prosperous, let's have it.") Stevenson is trying indirectly—witness his ill-timed proposal to end the draft—to assure the country of his own peace-making ability compared to Truman's. On the other hand, the Republicans are also aware of this Democratic weakness; indeed, now that the Communist-in-government charges no longer pack a wallop, it offers what is perhaps their best line of attack. To judge by the 1954 pattern, they are counting on a "Save-Your-Boy's-Life: Vote-Republican" last-minute campaign to cut 5 to 10 per cent off the gains that Stevenson has made by his grass-roots approach.

Here is how some of the more significant House and Senate races shape up throughout the country.

The Senate

For the Senate races, this leaves the Democratic candidates weakest where they should be strongest—that is, against the real war party, the GOP "isolationists" and McCarthymen of the Middle and Far West. Four Stevenson-type "amateurs" are now challenging four stalwarts of this group—Capehart of Indiana, Dirksen of Illinois, Hickenlooper of Iowa and Welker of Idaho. For the Democratic future (if nothing more) victory over any one of these is worth the replacement of a half-dozen moderate Republicans by moderate Democrats, which is what is involved in Connecticut, Pennsylvania and several other states. (In Maryland, the McCarthyite Butler is being hard-pressed by the Democratic blatherskite millionaire, George Mohoney.)

That Eisenhower is merely a captive of the Nixon-led Old Guard is only a popular Democratic half-truth. The President finds them useful to steam up the air at election time and, on occasions between elections, to vote for foreign-aid measures. As a matter of fact, their Democratic opponents' bill of particulars against them is confined largely to (a) their vote against confirming Paul Hoffman as U.N. delegate; (b) their vote against Charles Bohlen as Ambassador to Russia, and (c) their vote against condemnation of McCarthy. The Democratic candidates are somewhat in a quandary. They insist that, if elected, they would prove more loyal to Ike (if elected), than their Old Guard opponents. That may be true, but obviously Eisenhower doesn't want to be

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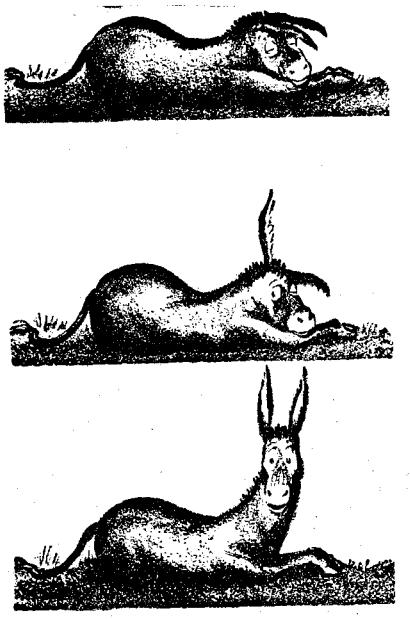
"rescued" by Democrats. So real issues evaporate in what amounts to a tussle for the coat-tails of the President—a fact which may in large measure account for the apathy of this election.

ILLINOIS

Richard Stengel, a forty-one-year-old veteran of the state legislature, is trying to oust the Republican incumbent, Everett Dirksen. By shaking 2,000,000 hands, he could conceivably win over the 1,700,000 voters (concentrated in Chicago and the depressed areas of Southern Illinois) who re-elected Douglas in 1954. On the other hand, he has failed in his attempts to "expose" Dirksen, whose interest in Chicago's Negroes and depressed-area legislation has been so sporadic as compared with his work for Texas oil men. Repeatedly, Stengel has taunted "the revolving-door candidate" "to stand or fall on his record." "No amount of honeyed oratory can gloss it over," Stengel says. But Dirksen won't answer—and because the GOP candidate has Ike's support, he doesn't have to. To focus the evil, Stengel may try to provoke Dirksen's friend, Joe McCarthy, to enter the state in Dirksen's behalf. But so far Stengel has alluded to McCarthy simply as "an Administration enemy." Meanwhile, too, he has been trying to get what mileage he can out of Orville Hodge, the state auditor who has been jailed for a $1,500,000 embezzlement.

IDAHO

In Idaho, there is no need to bring Joe McCarthy into the state. For Herman Welker, the Republican incumbent who keeps a large Red-hunting staff on his payroll, is known here as "McCarthy with his brains kicked out." But for Ike's appeal for loyalty, many Republicans would desert him, as the Republican editor of a Pocatello weekly has urged them to do. Whether this defection materializes or not may be the key to Welker's defeat next November by his thirty-two-year-old Democratic opponent, Frank Church. Church, a fine orator, is the scion of a pioneer Idaho family; he has powerful Republican connections and an acceptable anti-Communist



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

He's Waking Up for Some Reason or Other.

record as former president of the Crusade for Freedom in Idaho. He will underplay all the specifically Democratic issues, including Hells Canyon. That issue, which is the mainstay of Congresswoman Gracie Pfost in northern Idaho, is anathema to the Republican potato farmers in southern Idaho; illogically, they fear a government dam would interfere with their water rights, whereas the Idaho Power Company Dam would not. An easier approach to the farm vote has been suggested to Church; namely, to revive the Democrats' potato diversification program as an answer to the present glut in the potato market. But in reaching for 42,000 liberal Republicans, young Church may lose 27,000 New Deal Democrats, mostly over sixty-five, who supported former Senator Glen Taylor in the primary. The present squabble about Church's 200-vote primary margin over Taylor can more easily be settled, some observers think, than the split in the two men's thinking.

IOWA

This is not meant to underrate the potency of the Democratic high-parity farm plank, which has recently cost Iowa Republicans about 5 to 10 per cent of their normal majorities. On the other hand, if the Democrats are to carry Iowa this year, they must rely more on their personal magnetism. With hog prices now rising to prosperous 1952 levels, and with thirty to forty million dollars (20 per cent of the entire soil-bank fund has been allotted by the Administration to Iowa) available for ploughing under drought-stricken crops, the plank has lost some of its former magic. Last winter former GOP Governor Dan Turner led the revolt of some 47,000 Iowa farmers from the pro-Benson Farm Bureau Federation to the anti-Benson National Farmers Organization. Whether this bloc still exists or not, and if so whether Turner can deliver it to "Spike" Evans, the Democratic candidate against Republican Senator Bourke Hickenlooper—these are Iowa's two biggest questions. Evans, soft-spoken one-time member of the Federal Reserve Board, has been getting a surprisingly good press by exposing Benson in his own scholarly fashion. Six of the eight Republican Congressional candidates are also courting the rebel bloc. While the sixty-year-old Hickenlooper stubbornly defends Benson, he does not want the secretary to come into Iowa to defend him. Thus it is possible, if not probable, that Hickenlooper, who anticipated McCarthy in linking former TVA Chairman David Lilienthal with Reds, will fall this year because of his weak economic underpinning.

OREGON

By comparison with the moderation of most other races, Wayne Morse's campaign for re-election in Oregon looks somewhat anachronistic—like an echo from the depression era. Nor is it surprising that he has been inclined to ditch the volatile public-power issue for bread-and-butter appeals to the potato farmers and others. For there is much more excitement in Washington, D. C., about Oregon's power problems than in Oregon's grass-roots. This is because the long-foreseen power shortage will not hit Oregon generally until after 1958, and because in the limited areas where the shortage has already hit, public-power advocates have joined private-power companies in building dams on the GOP "partnership"

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basis. Nonetheless, by the use of this issue (plus the related giveaway of natural resources) against the Administration's giveaway king, former Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay, Morse has at least dispelled apathy. Moreover, he has so successfully pinned the giveaway label on his adversary that McKay is piteously crying that he is being persecuted by a left-wing agitator. Morse is attempting to shake off that label in a strenuous round of barbecue picnics.

The House

In the contests for House seats, the inhibitions of Stevenson moderation are somewhat less apparent than in the Senate races. For Congressmen are local worthies, concerned with local problems, and they have more latitude in picking the issues. In 1953 and 1954, Democratic candidates advanced deep into traditionally Republican territory, i.e., into suburban and rural districts (though the Republicans, for their part, made gains in the suburban South, traditionally Democratic). This year the opportunities for a Democratic advance look even brighter. For, of the ninety-five districts in the country which in 1954 were swung by a popular vote of 55 percent or less, sixty-three are held by Republicans and only thirty-two by Democrats. The Democrats have good prospects spreading from Maryland's Eastern Shore (Republican since 1946) to the Seattle, Washington district (Republican since 1952). The contests now in progress in this disputed ground are especially revealing insofar as the Democratic candidates have come up with some novel approaches to the expected Democratic trend.

NEW YORK

New York State is fairly unique in the intensity with which both Senatorial candidates, the Democratic Mayor Wagner and the Republican Attorney General Javits, are driving for the independent vote. In New York's seventeenth district, comprising much of central and part of lower Manhattan, the percentage of such voters is extremely high. And the No. 1 issue here will be at least the No. 2 issue in the state campaign: the "pell-mell-day-to-day improvising" of the Dulles foreign policy in general and the pro-Arab flirtations of the Middle East policy in particular. Tony Akers, the forty-one-year-old lawyer and PT-boat hero of the 1942 MacArthur evacuation, who is the Democratic candidate, is expected to win the labor vote (about 10 per cent of the total) plus the Jewish vote (about 30 per cent). He concedes to his Republican opponent, Frederick R. Coudert, Jr., a veteran of five terms, a solid phalanx of Fifth Avenue die-hards that may run as high as 45 per cent of the total district vote. This leaves an uncertain middle group (about 15 per cent) of junior executives, professional people, importers, etc. In 1952, this bloc voted so solidly for Coudert that the future of the district as a Republican island in Democratic Manhattan seemed assured. In 1954, when Akers first tried out his "grass-root in Manhattan" technique, holding discussion meetings in apartment houses and homes, he lost by only 314 votes in a 100,000 total. If he is correct in his estimate that he will now have two-thirds of the 15 per cent swing vote, he will be a shoo-in. No doubt the reactionary Coudert was looking ahead to this danger when he proposed "reforming" our whole election system by "downgrading the influence of ethnic, religious and economic groups in metropolitan centers."

PENNSYLVANIA

On the national level, Republicans this year will try to hold the 30 per cent of the labor vote (mostly wives') which they garnered in 1952. This is not entirely quixotic. In Pennsylvania's Willkes-Barre district, the worst depressed area in the nation with 20,000 anthracite miners out of work, the voters change their minds every other year. In 1954 they returned the veteran Daniel J. Flood to Congress by a handful of votes after having dropped him in 1952 by the same margin. Flood will win this year, he says, only if the miners think that he has done more for them than his Republican opponent, Enoch Thomas, Jr., could do. Had the distressed-areas bill passed at the last session of Congress (Flood co-sponsored it with Senator Douglas), there would now be little question about this. Meanwhile, sitting as a vice-president of the local Chamber of Commerce, he has helped bring new industry into the district, which is one of the bill's objectives. Furthermore, as chairman of a House Appropriations subcommittee, he has diverted thirty million dollars worth of appropriations into his district—a figure which few other Congressmen can match. The Republican shifts are explained, in part, by the miners' deep-seated anti-communism—they are almost all Catholics of Slavic backgrounds. On this point, however, Flood, an Irish Catholic and a famous Air Force enthusiast, has some advantage over his Republican opponent, who is a Protestant business man. In sum, election in the coal fields requires a skilful juggling of extreme positions, in which game Flood is one of the country's greatest masters.

MICHIGAN

Republicans doubt the (anticipated) Democratic trend will include small business to any great extent. But Martha Griffiths, a former Michigan legislator, used small business as the springboard for winning Detroit's last remaining Republican seat two years ago. The economic background of her current campaign for re-election does not differ much from what it was before; 130,000 lay-offs in the auto plants are crippling about an equal number of small business men who serve them. Unable to hire a hall in the nondescript Wayne county suburb which comprises most of her district, she sits in a yellow and green trailer and discusses the outlook with housewives brought to her by roving assistants. In Congress, as a member of the House Banking and Currency Committee, she made herself an expert on problems of credit for small business. So now she can relate the spectre of Republican bigness to each woman's future, whether her husband is a druggist or runs a small tool-and-die factory, whether he is a physician temporarily employed in a General Motors clinic,

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or a wholesale grocer threatened by mergers in the retail field. Meanwhile, Mrs. Griffiths' Republican opponent, George Smith, who is a banker new to politics, is calling her a stooge of the powerful United Auto Workers. (This is true only to the extent that her voting record is acceptable to them, and that she has their endorsement.) But if Smith can revive the class consciousness that Mrs. Griffiths has broken down in this suburb, her flimsy 52.3 per cent majority may vanish.

WISCONSIN

A somewhat similar problem faces forty-five-year-old Gerald Flynn in his bid to take the Wisconsin First District away from Lawrence H. Smith, a Republican isolationist. Smith has held the seat since 1941. Kenosha and Racine, the two cities in this mixed urban-rural district, have been depressed for two years: 3,000 workers have been laid off in Racine by the Case farm implement company and 10,000 by American Motors in Kenosha. In the 1954 contest, however, the small business people in those cities refused to join labor and Smith won with a 54.4 per cent majority. Unless these people have changed their minds now, there is no hope for Flynn. The farmers in the Western counties have never felt the cost-price squeeze (they sell fluid milk in the Chicago milkshed), hence have never flirted with the Democratic farm revolt. As for labor in the two cities, it has been organized by the U. A. W.

Flynn's optimism about a small-business switch this year is based, oddly enough, on a growing concern for foreign aid on the part of Protestant ministers, manufacturers and others, and the declining interest in the American Legion, in which his rival is a big wheel.

MISSOURI

In Dewey Short's Republican district in Southwest Missouri, the farm revolt is dying, not only because of Benson's soil-bank payments, but also because of the weather. During the drought of 1954, when farmers were putting molasses on trees to keep the cattle from dying, Short very narrowly missed defeat by an unknown Democratic storekeeper. But now the drought is ended. Nevertheless, Short is being mercilessly badgered this year by Charles H. Brown, a forty-year-old radio producer of Springfield, Missouri, otherwise known as the "Boy Orator of the Ozarks." Back in 1928, when Short first came to Washington, he too was known by that label. During the late thirties, he became nationally famous as a leading "America Firster" and became secure in his district because of his bipartisan concern for local needs. While today he is still a power in Washington (he is ranking Republican on the Armed Services Committee), his record of absenteeism and partisan votes indicates he may have lost his touch. On public-power matters, which are popular in this remote district, his votes have been negative save for a last-minute switch on the giant Table Rock Dam project. By simply reeling off this record in hillbilly style, Brown hopes and expects to write its final chapter.

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Now Let's Check Your Load."

THIS IS the battlefield as it looks to some of the Democratic candidates in some of the most hotly contested areas. What is truly remarkable about this Democratic optimism is that it persists despite a stupendous disproportion of campaign funds available. The GOP will spend seven times as much as the Democrats on the House races and about four times as much for Senate seats. Representative Flood, for example, will spend about $10,000 in his Willkes-Barre district as against an estimated $75,000 for his Republican opponent. Senator Morse is talking of $250,000 as against an estimated $1,000,000 for his opponent, McKay. In both parties, the Congressional exchequer is what can be spared from the national ticket. But while the Republican high command will peel off $3,000,000 (the legal limit) for their House candidates and perhaps double that for the Senatorial, the Democrats at most will spend $250,000 for the House races and $400,000 for the Senate. If the AFL-CIO's political arm raises its promised $6,000,000, this imbalance will be leveled out somewhat.

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THE RIESEL MYSTERY

Case of the Missing Motive . . by FRED J. COOK

THE USUAL criminal mystery becomes less mysterious with the arrests that are supposed to mark its solution, but the sensational acid-blinding of Hearst labor columnist Victor Riesel flouts this rule. The more that is known about it, the more mysterious it grows.

Reduced to its baldest essentials now, a month after the FBI arrested seven alleged principals in the plot, the prosecution's case—or as much of it as has been made public—is a study in bewildering paradoxes. It rests basically upon these contentions: that the acid-throwing was ordered by a man whom the victim hadn't assailed personally in print in nearly two years; and that the motive was to silence an important witness before a federal grand jury—although in fact the method chosen wouldn't silence and the witness wasn't a witness.

If this seems a bit complicated, it is. And here is how it got that way:

When tragedy overtook him, Victor Riesel (pronounced re-zell) was, at forty-one, a bouncy, cocky bantam of a man whose syndicated labor column appeared in the New York *Daily Mirror,* a morning tabloid, and 191 other papers throughout the country. Gifted with great personal charm, an entertaining raconteur, he possessed a writing style notable for sweeping denunciation. He had begun his career on the right-wing Socialist weekly, the *New Leader,* exposing Communists. When he switched to the labor field, he attacked crime and rackets with fiery verve. He peppered his column with well-known racket names and sinister phrases like "crime syndicate," "manicured mobsters" and "muscle men of the underworld."

Last April 5, Riesel substituted for Barry Gray on the latter's midnight to 2 a.m. radio show on a New York station, then went to Lindy's Restaurant for a snack. There, near the corner of 51st Street and Broadway, as Riesel and his assistant, Miss Betty Nevins, prepared to get into their car, a dark-haired young hoodlum stepped out of the shadows and flung a vial of concentrated sulphuric acid full into the columnist's face and eyes. Total blindness resulted.

THE ATROCITY shocked New York. But from the first it was more than just a singularly vicious attack upon a prominent man. Its timing gave it overtones of social significance—and martyrdom.

A month earlier, U. S. Attorney Paul W. Williams had launched a sweeping probe of New York rackets. On March 13, he had announced: "Racketeers are trying to invade and indeed have invaded New York City business to a greater extent than in the days when Tom Dewey was probing industrial rackets." There was, Williams had said, a colossal mess in the pickle industry. Two days later, the prosecutor declared that many potential witnesses had gone into hiding, fearful of mob retribution if they testified.

So on April 5, when Riesel was attacked, Williams instantly saw the event as a "dastardly" attempt by the underworld to flout the authority of his office. "I am God-damned mad about this, and you can quote me whatever way you like, because this attack is directly attributable to articles written by Riesel and to very important information which he had given me in my investigation of labor rackets," he fumed, scant hours after the attack.

Weeks of frantic investigation followed. FBI agents were called into the case by Williams on the theory that the acid-flinging had been designed to thwart his probe. Ace detectives of the New York Police Department and District Attorney Frank S. Hogan's office conducted their own investigation. But clues were scarce; the case appeared dead.

Then, on Aug. 17, the FBI struck. It named Gondolfo Miranti, an East Side bookie and thug, as the man who had "fingered" Riesel. It said the acid had been hurled by another small-time East Side hood, Abraham Telvi, who had been murdered on July 28 in a typical gangland ride case not yet solved.

The arrests caught prosecuting officials in various states of unpreparedness. District Attorney Hogan was the most stunned. He had been given no inkling of what the FBI was up to, and his office, while it had identified other suspected principals in the case, was startled by the pinpointing of Telvi, an entirely new figure to them, as the actual acid-thrower. U. S. Attorney Williams was even farther, physically, from the heart of the action. He was in Tokyo, honeymooning.

Despite distance and love, Williams recovered faster than Hogan. By trans-Pacific radio-telephone he told the New York *Journal-American*: "We will prove that the Riesel attack, atrocious though it may be, was only an incident in a nation-wide drive by the underworld to control big business." And he added that "some of the known plans of Communists to overthrow the U. S. actually pale to insignificance compared to what we've found out."

Williams flew back from Tokyo, announcing that the higher-ups were known and that further arrests would follow. Soon thereafter the FBI nabbed John (Johnny Dio) Dioguardi, a once-convicted labor extortionist, as the mastermind of the acid-flinging plot. The motive? "I think," said Williams, "it was to silence Riesel from testifying before a federal grand jury and also from continuing his very brave campaign against racketeering in business and labor."

FRED J. COOK, police reporter on a New York Metropolitan newspaper, is co-author with Senator Robert C. Hendrickson of Youth in Danger.

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But this explanation conflicted sharply with facts uncovered by New York newspapers. The *Herald-Tribune* pointed out that not only had Riesel never been called before the federal rackets grand jury, but that he had announced—this was after he recovered from the acid attack—that he did not intend to testify because he did not consider it the duty of a newspaperman to do so. The *World-Telegram and Sun*, after studying Riesel's columns in *The Daily Mirror* for the fifteen months prior to the attack, found that Dio's name had not been mentioned once in that period.

The *Daily Mirror* itself claimed only that Riesel had exposed Dio in a column which appeared in 1953. In this column the past of the convicted extortionist was exposed; Riesel referred to Dio as "a tough little fellow" who was trying to organize New York's hackies. In May, 1954, Riesel had attacked "the tough mob" in the United Auto Workers Union, apparently a veiled reference to Dio (not to be confused with Reuther's United Auto Workers), but there was no mention of Dio's name. In more recent columns, Riesel had been lashing out at racketeering in the garment and trucking industries in New York, in which Dio was supposed to be involved, but again the columnist had not named or attacked Dio personally.

TO SOME New York newspapermen, these references seemed pale stuff—certainly no motive for crime—compared to some of the more direct and damning newspaper exposés of the past. Many recalled the violence with which Westbrook Pegler had flayed the hide off Willie Bioff in exposing the latter's colossal movie-industry shakedown and sending him to prison. Of more recent vintage was *The World-Telegram and Sun's* 1953 attack on William C. DeKoning, Sr., and his labor stooges for extorting $345,000 annually from raceway workers—a charge that ultimately sent De Koning to prison. Recalling these and other direct and explicit exposés, newsmen came away from their research of Riesel's columns as baffled in their hunt for a plausible motive for the acid-throwing as the expert investigators who had covered the same trail before them.

Riesel himself offered no enlightenment. Interviewed on a television program shortly after Dio's arrest, he disclaimed any personal knowledge of Dio and said he supposed the attack must have been motivated by something he had written. But he couldn't say just what.

THE mystery of motivation dovetailed with a second intriguing mystery—method. The flaw in the idea that the acid attack was designed to silence Riesel lies in the obvious fact that acid does not assure silence. There are far more effective methods and the experience of years has shown that the underworld knows them all. Telvi, for example, was silenced after, according to Williams, he made "a nuisance" of himself by demanding more money. A bullet was fired through his brain, and he was dumped in a gutter. No such attempt was made upon Riesel.

The columnist himself was asked about this in a press interview shortly after the first arrests. Why, he was asked, was acid thrown in his face if the motive was to silence him? Couldn't there have been a more personal reason for the attack? Riesel whipped off his dark glasses, shocking his interviewers by exposing his sightless eyes, and exclaimed: "Don't you think after four months that sort of nonsense should be forgotten?"

It was a dramatic and emotional gesture, but hardly an answer to logic.

Logic, however, has finally begun to assert itself in the Riesel case. Its weight was first observable in Williams' apparent retreat from his front-line Riesel position to previously-prepared entrenchments. This maneuver became clear in the indictment returned by the federal grand jury in the Riesel case on September 7. The document contained two major surprises: First, Johnny Dio's brother, Tommy, who had been arrested with him and had been branded by Williams as an equally important mastermind of the acid attack, escaped indictment and was freed; second, while Williams had been talking to the press in terms of an indictment which would charge, among other things, a conspiracy to intimidate *a witness*, the document itself uses the plural form—*witnesses*. This significant change was interpreted by lawyers to mean that the government will try to show that the intent was not only to silence Riesel, but to commit an act so outrageous that other witnesses would also be terrified and thus kept from testifying.

One difficulty with this revised position is that Williams himself had proclaimed three weeks before the acid attack that witnesses had already been driven into hiding by fear of underworld retribution. Why, then, the need of such an atrocity to scare the scared? And how, lawyers ask, can Williams possibly prove in court—as he must do through the direct testimony of the supposedly scared witnesses—that it was the Riesel acid attack that kept them from testifying?

IF THIS main prop of the government's case should crumble, it would leave only one other major charge contained in the indictment: conspiracy to protect a fugitive from justice. This is based upon the flight of the alleged acid-thrower, Abraham Telvi, to Youngstown, Ohio, where he hid out for some weeks after the Riesel attack. Presumably—for it is apparent that the government's case is built on squeals from inside the mob—this charge is more susceptible to proof than the first. It is, however, a far lesser charge than the public has been led to expect from the fanfare that has greeted the Riesel case. It wanders far from the heart of the issue and fails to answer the vital questions: Who blinded Victor Riesel? And why? Who murdered Abraham Telvi? And why?

Answers to these questions might be found if the really serious charges, maiming and murder, can be brought to trial in New York County. District Attorney Hogan now has been apprised of the nature of the FBI evidence, the content of the federal case. The public's assumption has been that a case has been handed

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Hogan on a silver platter; that all he has to do is prosecute. But it isn't that simple.

New York State has a corroboration statute. This stipulates that a criminal prosecution for conspiracy cannot be sustained on the word of a co-conspirator alone; it must be corroborated by independent, disinterested witnesses. The intent of the law is to keep an innocent man from being framed by an associate seeking to curry favor for himself by telling authorities what he thinks they want to know.

In the Riesel case, it is conceivable that the law of corroboration could prove a serious stumbling block to prosecution in state courts. Federal authorities may rest content with the words of co-conspirators; but local prosecutors, who must try the vital issues, simply cannot. For this reason, it is of more than academic importance that, even after the arrests that supposedly solved the case, motive remains a baffling and intriguing mystery—all the more baffling because the *ascribed* motives do not stand up under scrutiny.

So strongly does the perplexing Riesel case hint at something still hidden, that many of Riesel's best friends and close co-workers are still asking: "What do *you* think is *really* behind it?" It is a question that should be answered; for, with the mystery of motive satisfactorily resolved, other pieces in the puzzle might fall into place and local authorities might more easily obtain the corroborating testimony they must have to try the real issues—the cruel blinding of one man; the murder of another.

Campus Press Speaks Up . . by ROGER KEITH

IN 1938, an author noted in a book devoted to the American college campus: "A glance at the editorial pages of college papers reveals a surprising lack of spontaneity or originality of the type that might be expected of young and vigorous minds." He accompanied his statement with a long list of keep-off-the-grass, clean-up-the-dining-hall, we-need-school-spirit editorials from college papers all over the country.

It would be too much to say that the college press has changed radically and uniformly since that time. Yet there are signs that many student editors *have* changed their approach to their jobs. Their world is no longer bound by the frontiers of their campus—or the local football stadium. Sydney J. Harris, columnist on a metropolitan daily, recently pointed out:

> Amidst all this talk of "juvenile delinquency," we tend to forget that young college people today—at least the articulate leaders—are doing more serious thinking of, talking about and examining our basic problems than any other segment of adult society.
>
> These college editorials, which are coolly and clearly written, deal with such subjects as the primary purpose of education, the danger of conformity to mass opinion, the wave of anti-intellectualism in the country and matters which all too rarely appear in grown-up journals.

An outstanding example of nonconformity to mass opinion has been the surprising pro-integration policy of many Southern college papers.

As far back as 1953, the University of Georgia's *Red and Black* went on record:

> With communism knocking at the Negro's back door, we cannot afford to let educational segregation barriers stand. It is plain as the red flag in Russia that continued segregation and suppression can and will cause the death of democracy by the hands of its own leaders.

The university's regents were shocked. One of them, himself a newspaper publisher, wrote editorially: "I tried to explain to [the *Red and Black* editors] that in their juvenile damn foolery they were hurting the university and the cause of education in the state. I frankly told them that the money for the operation of the *Red and Black* would be discontinued unless they could do a better job."

According to the regent, "these little squirts" then went back to Athens and put out another editorial in which they said he was attempting to squelch freedom of the press.

"Now there's no question of freedom of the press involved," the regent wrote. "The question is whether or not the board of regents will be dictated to by a little handful of sissy, misguided squirts who have just enough knowledge to think they know it all. Every time I see one of the little sissy boys hanging around some college, the more I think everyone of them ought to be made to play football. . . ."

Since then many other Southern "sissies" have come out in favor of something the Southern professional press has dared not favor.

Last year the *Hullabaloo* at Tulane University, New Orleans, conducted "a vigorous campaign" for prompt integration, although the editor reports that "most faculty members seem afraid to discuss the subject in class." Even the *Mississippian* at the University of Mississippi, although not favoring desegregation, bucked university officials who deemed it "inadvisable" for an Episcopal minister to speak on campus because he had promised to give the NAACP part of his prize money from the $64,000 television quiz show. "University students are old enough to think for themselves and need no coddling and protecting. . . " the paper said.

Northern college editors, too, have frequently commented on happenings behind the "magnolia curtain." When Georgia Governor Marvin Griffin asked a ban on all games by Georgia college teams against opponents having Negro players, the *University of Minnesota Daily* wrote:

> It would seem that education should prepare an individual to learn about others and thus overcome

ROGER KEITH, editor-in-chief of the University of Maryland Diamondback, *won the annual national collegiate editorial contest sponsored by Pi Delta Epsilon.*

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prejudices through lack of knowledge. It would seem, also, that education and sports teach the person to live with others by working as a team. Evidently, this is not Griffin's or the regents' conception of either education or competitive sports.

The riots at the University of Alabama protesting the admittance of Negro coed Autherine Lucy caused college editors all over the country to sit down at their typewriters.

From the University of West Virginia's *Daily Athenaeum*:

> It's often been said that those who wrestle with qualms of inferiority are the ones who feel they must fight to prove their supremacy. As far as we're concerned, the Alabama students only demonstrated their immaturity, indecency, inhumanity and perhaps inferiority. If the white race were superior (and it is not) it would not have to fight to insure its position.

Alabama's own *Crimson-White* supported segregation, but warned against lawlessness:

> By their violence, [the rioters] were forcing their action and their beliefs on the rest of us just as assuredly as another group of people—the nation—is attempting to force the races and their beliefs upon the South.

College papers have also warned of conformity to mass opinion in regard to communism.

Following an American Legion attack on the University of Minnesota for inviting a self-acknowledged Communist to speak at a convocation last year, the *Daily* defended the school for giving students a chance to observe communism firsthand: "Some persons show themselves for what they are just by the act of opening their mouths and Communists are not immune in this respect." At the University of Wisconsin, after a speech by the editor of the *Daily Worker*, the student newspaper pointed out:

> Those who attended learned something. The questions asked the speaker showed intelligence, and a realization of the Communist threat. The results of the student questioning brought out the faulty logic used by the speaker almost immediately ...The appearance of [the Communist editor] or any of his party shows forcibly that free discussion, and not suppression, is the more effective answer to communism.

While the college press has sought freedom of discussion for speakers on the campus, it has fought even harder for its own right to discuss freely. Biggest battle last year was between the *Daily Texan* and the University of Texas' Board of Regents [see *The Nation*, March 24]. The *Daily Texan* was one of the few papers in the Lone Star State to stand firmly against the Harris-Fulbright natural-gas bill. The regents asserted that the college paper should not discuss controversial state and national topics. One said: "We feel the *Daily Texan* has gone out of bounds in discussing the bill when 66 per cent of Texas money comes from oil and gas."

"In other words," the student editor replied, "The *Daily Texan* has erred because it has committed the unforgivable crime of going against the economic grain. The issue is not how the Texan feels on the Harris-Fulbright bill. . . . The issue is, should not a newspaper have the right to criticize the majority? Cannot a newspaper sometimes be the underdog?"

But *Editor and Publisher*, mouthpiece of the professional press, didn't see the Texas controversy in the same light:

> The regents are publishers of the paper, and they—like any publisher—can prevent an editor from publishing a given editorial. With publishing activity so interlocked with the journalism school, the ultimate responsibility for publication therefore rests with the university, which in turn is responsible to the people of the state supporting it.

Newspaperdom's journal had little to say about the educational and ethical values of a free college press, except to remark that these points had been "overemphasized"!

As to the question of the publishers' prerogatives, the students themselves are the publishers of most college papers in the sense that they finance them. The regents, including those at Texas, usually furnish no more than office space in a university building; student-activities fees and advertising pay for all other expenses of publication. In fact, some of the larger college dailies are student corporations, printed off campus and subject to no control whatever by the university.

But while the students may be the publishers, most school administrations consider newspapers student activities just like football, singing and dramatics. As such, the publication has a faculty adviser and comes under the ultimate authority of the regents. Administrators realize, however, that unlike sports and other activities, the college newspaper deals with thoughts and ideas, and that its primary value is its right to reflect student viewpoints. For this reason most college papers today have a faculty adviser who advises only. But in other cases the advisers have assumed the role of censor in varying degrees. Some of this type are to be found at state universities, which are almost always acutely conscious of public opinion and the need for good relations with the state legislature.

Other "censors" flourish at denominational schools. As the *Notre Dame Scholastic* put it:

> Notre Dame is not a "state" or secular institution; it is a private Catholic school. This simply means that, galling as it may be to all of us, anything "of, for and by" Notre Dame will be construed by outsiders as being, not merely collegiate, but Notre Dame, which in turn will be termed Catholic. In such a situation one would be guilty of a lack of prudence if he did not try to put his best foot forward at all times.

COLLEGE editors are not trying to force opinions down anybody's throat; we're glad to have people disagree with us. As we see it, we have only one job: to keep ourselves and the rest of America's college students thinking. And if we "overemphasize" this job, it's because we've heard of student newspapers like *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the Moscow youth journal with an impressive 1,200,000 circulation. When a delegation of American college editors touring Russia in 1953 went in to meet *Komsomolskaya Pravda's* "student" editor, they shook hands with a middle-aged, baldheaded member of the Communist Party.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Gallipoli: The End of a World

GALLIPOLI. By Alan Moorehead. Harper and Brothers. $4.50.

By Raymond Postgate

GALLIPOLI, the name given to the Dardanelles campaign of 1915, cannot be a word which means much to Americans; there must be few who have an automatic desire to read about an ineffectual campaign that was over a year before they entered the First World War. There are not many Englishmen, either, who want to read about it; for forty-one years it has been a hateful memory and Moorehead's book is the first really satisfactory history of it to be published. Nearly a decade afterwards the thought of it was still bitter enough to drive Churchill out of Parliament; the electors of Dundee called out "What about the Dardanelles?" to him in 1923 and gave his seat to an unctuous prohibitionist named Scrymgeour. There must be many who, like myself, have read this book unwillingly with an atavistic dislike of disturbing memories which were best at rest. The unwillingness is unreasonable; the story is excellent and excellently told, and the campaign itself has those rarest of qualities in history, a beginning and an end. It is a complete drama within a closed space of time, a Greek tragedy; but it is one without hope.

The bare story is brief: in 1915 it was clear that Tsarist Russia was in difficulties and that the battle in the West had for the moment settled down to a grinding and immobile trench warfare. Certain British generals and politicians, of whom the most forceful was Churchill, decided upon an attempt to force a way through the Dardanelles straits and seize Constantinople, thereby taking Germany and Austria in the rear and also opening a way by which to bring help to Russia. A first reconnaissance by the navy was not pushed home, and served only to alert the Turks. Later, a combined attack was made by land and sea; the army, in which for the first time in history were great contingents from the Dominions, landed on several beaches, but despite fierce and bloody fighting never controlled the heights. After months of slaughter the attempt was abandoned, the troops were silently taken off on certain winter nights and the navy sailed away.

The poignancy of the story has a double origin. The first is that it is a story of unnecessary frustration: again and again victory was in the Allies' hands and was lost by mistakes that were so easily rectifiable: "in a curious way," as Moorehead writes, "one feels that the battle might still lie before us in the future —that there is still time to make other plans and bring it to a different ending." The second is that it marks the end of a period of civilization. I once heard Sir Ian Hamilton, the general in command, speak about the disastrous results of the failure, and I commented that what he really meant was that if he had got through there would have been no Russian revolution. He wrote to me (not, I think, ironically) thanking me for interpreting his thoughts so correctly. There would, in fact, have been no Russian revolution; or, rather, not one at that time and of that kind. The pre-revolution Europe might to some extent have survived. But the world that Hamilton regretted had disappeared in another sense, it had actually been killed in Gallipoli. "It's too wonderful for belief," Moorehead quotes Rupert Brooke as writing when he set out for the Dardanelles, "Will Hero's Tower crumble under the 15-inch guns? Will the sea be polyphloisboic and winedark and unvintageable? Oh God! I've never been quite so happy in my life." The exuberance, the romanticism and the beauty of the young poet was symbolic, as Moorehead says, of tens of thousands of youths who died as he did; and never again afterwards would there be, our side of the Atlantic, a society where a line like his *"Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!"* could be written without a sneer.

MOOREHEAD is a brilliant portraitist: here are the young Churchill; Sir Ian Hamilton, the poet general who would write 5,000 words of reflection in his diary instead of going ashore; Sir Frederick Stopford, the perfect Victorian "dugout" who would lose a victory by mere slowness and routine; Talaat Bey, a bazaar crook; Mustapha Kemal, almost mad, and many others. He has a sharp pictorial eye as well: here are a few sentences about one of those hideously mismanaged landings in a bay under Turkish fire:

> Air Commodore Samson came flying over Sedd-el-Bahr at this moment, and looking down saw that the calm blue sea was "absolutely red with blood" for a distance of fifty yards from the sea, "a horrible sight to see." Red ripples washed up on the beach, and everywhere the calm surface of the water was whipped up into a ghastly discoloured foam by thousands of falling bullets. The sun was shining brightly.

The disasters were not caused by aristocratic officers lolling in idleness and comfort while the common soldiers suffered and died; their leaders exposed themselves recklessly and anxiously shared their sufferings and dangers:

> [The Staff] had put up their tents on a particularly dreary stretch of coast where there was no shade, and the fine biscuit-coloured sand blew into their faces all day. There existed close by a perfectly good site on level ground among figs and olive trees, but this was deliberately ignored,

RAYMOND POSTGATE, a British journalist, is the author of The Bolshevik Theory, Karl Marx, The Life of George Lansbury. *His latest book is* Story of a Year: 1848.

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partly because... it was felt that the Staff should know something of the hardships and miseries of the men at the front. Almost uneatable food was provided to strengthen this illusion. It does not seem to have occurred to the general or any of his senior officers that efficiency mattered more than appearances, and that a man suffering from dysentery —from the flies, the bad food and the heat—was not likely to give his best attention to his work.

Moorehead ends his book on a more peaceful note. He describes the cemeteries which he has visited; they are sited where the actual fighting took place, and so some have only a few graves and some have thousands; each is surrounded by a bank of pines and the graves themselves are not marked by crosses but by marble plaques set in the ground.

For nearly forty years the cemeteries have been tended with great devotion by a Major Millington, an old Australian soldier; he goes over the peninsula month by month and year by year to supervise his staff of local stonemasons and gardeners... the Turkish gardeners work well; no wall around the French and British cemeteries is allowed to crumble, no weed is anywhere allowed to grow and now in the nineteen-fifties the gardens are more beautiful than ever. Yet hardly anyone ever visits them. Except for occasional organized tours not more than half a dozen visitors arrive from one year's end to the other. Often for months at a time nothing of any consequence happens, lizards scuttle about the tombstones in the silence and time goes by in an endless dream.

World Ills in the Far East

ZONE OF EMPTINESS. By Hiroshi Noma. The World Publishing Company. $3.95.
THE SETTING SUN. By Ozamu Dazai. New Directions. $3.
THE FRONTIERS OF LOVE. By Diana Chang. Random House. $3.50.
THE HEIKE STORY. By Eiji Yoshikawa. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.95.
THREE GEISHAS. Kikou Yamata John Day Co. $3.50.

By Kenneth Rexroth

MOST of the novels, in all languages, dealing with the Second World War, have followed in the footsteps of Ford Madox Ford and e.e. cummings, rather than Barbusse, Roland, or Hemingway. They have dealt, not with the horror and pathos of war as catastrophe and death, but with its assault on the personality, and owe their drama to the varying degrees of resistance or collapse of their characters before this onslaught. Contemporary military novels could be arranged in a series shading imperceptibly into those dealing with prisons and concentration camps in one direction, and totalitarianized civilian life in the other. It would seem that the average serious novelist today realizes that war is only a hypertrophy of what we have come to accept as normal life.

Hiroshi Noma, one of Japan's leading young realists, in *Zone of Emptiness* concentrates almost exclusively on this problem. Like *The Enormous Room* it has no battle scenes. It is a story of life in an army prison and in barracks in Japan, of the immense zone of emptiness, the gulf of alienation, which grows and envelops a young Japanese soldier. Although we think, and no doubt justly, of the Japanese war machine as a far more obliterative mechanism than the American, it is surprising that, at the end, one feels that more has survived of Private Kitani, than, for instance, survived of Norman Mailer's characters. Perhaps it is because Private Kitani is a simpler person, and was conditioned to expect even worse than he got. This is not one of the greatest war novels ever written, but it is a moving story, and a curious picture of the naiveté and random discipline of what we think of as a personally irresistible military machine.

NO ONE who read Ozamu Dazai's "Villon's Wife" in New Direction 15 is likely to forget it soon. Few recent stories give a more poignant picture of the sordid demoralization of those intellectuals of the modern world who have taken the world ill into their hearts and bowels without being able to digest it. Like most of Dazai's writing, it has an ominous autobiographical ring. And well it might. After a life of maximum disorder, he committed suicide in 1948. *The Setting Sun* is again the story of the world ill, the collapse of values, loss of inner direction and outer valid interpersonal relations, the loss of the ability to love, which is now as common in Japan as it is in Paris or New York.

This time the central figure is a woman of ruined aristocratic family of the type made familiar to Western readers in the novels of Kikou Yamata. Her life is not just meaningless. She is immobilized in a stasis of moral decay. Nothing is possible. There is only slowly growing death, slowly mounting horror, the willless entrapment and hysteria we first came to know in Chekov's plays. In desperation she "abandons herself," as they say, to a depraved and wrecked writer, called Uehara here, but the same character that appeared in *Villon's Wife*, Dazai himself. They spend only one pitiable, dishevelled night together. Out of that night comes a child, and the hope that, in this "first engagement" as she calls it, the smothering evil has been pushed back a little, and that later, with the help of the child "a second and a third engagement will be possible." "Somewhere, somehow, some kind of revolution must be taking place." In some way this act of sentimental hysterical defiance, and its resulting creation, must be part of it. I don't know if this is strictly true, but it is a conclusion which touches our mercy, in spite of its sentimentality. With the exasperating eclecticism typical of the intellectuals of contemporary non-Western cultures, Dazai echoes not only Céline, but Artzybashev. Today we have outgrown Artzybashev, we know he is sentimental. Perhaps Céline is too. Perhaps what we are witnessing all over the world is simply the inability of a commercial, acquisitive culture to provide satisfactory goals, and not really a

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KENNETH REXROTH will bring out this year translations of Japanese, Chinese, Greek and French poems.

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journey beyond the end of night at all—however awful may be the torments of the sensibilities our civilization destroys.

IT WOULD be very difficult to think of a more isolated, peripheral, epiphenomenal, alienated group of people than the set of wealthy Eurasians in Shanghai during the last weeks of the war. Great classics of isolated drama, like *The Nigger of the Narcissus,* or standard variants of the typical British country house detective story—or *Grand Hotel*—are positively Dickensian by comparison. Diana Chang has written of a miniature society entrapped and suspended, a social Mohammed's coffin, a space platform lost beyond the moon. Yet, of all the novels of the Far East published this season, her book, at least for me, has most reality. Partly it is because her people are more like you and me, more typically part of the world-wide community of a sick Western society than Japanese fishermen or wastrel poets, and so more accessible; partly it is because Chinese civilization, which after all is still their strong foundation, is, in spite of all its current vicissitudes, a deeper and richer thing than Japanese; partly it is a matter of style. Miss Chang's style may not be faultless, but it is certainly personal, and it is more alive, more gripping, than even the best translation. Then, too, all the world can be reflected in a mirror on a space station, however lost, and so she has managed to embody much, if not all, of the forces acting on human beings caught in the maelstrom of total transvaluation which is the twentieth-century Far East. Like the situation, her characters are dramatically "pure," almost like Ben Jonson's humors—imperialists; international gadabouts; aging liberal Chinese incapable of decision; a youth from the countryside, spontaneously, organically revolutionary, who is crushed by the blind melodrama of organized "revolution"; and the women, all of them seeking love, all of them losing it, and one of them, a rather autobiographical-sounding heroine, at least finding a kind of personal integrity in tragedy and betrayal. Once again, it is the same message as in so many of these novels, "Out of this nettle, alienation, we pluck this flower, integrity." Not very many first novels are written with as much skill and insight. One chapter, in which the heroine's Communist lover tries to pump her for information which she doesn't possess by simultaneously making love to her and belaboring her for false principles, which she doesn't possess either, is a masterpiece of quiet, mature irony. Whatever we may think of the merits of the Japanese novelists I have been reviewing, Diana Chang is one of ours. She should be around in American literature for some time to come.

IN THE opening years of the twelfth century the old courtly culture of Japan, then dominated by the Fujiwara family, began to break up into a kind of military feudalism. The next decades were a troubled time of struggle between the Minamoto (Genji in Sino-Japanese pronunciation) and Taire (Heike) clans. Like the Three Kingdoms period which succeeded Han Chinese civilization, this epoch constitutes a sort of Heroic Age in Japanese history, and produced, like the other's *Romance of Three Kingdoms,* a rather incoherent, episodic prose epic, *The Heike Monogatari.* Again, just as the Three Kingdoms romance has provided the Chinese theatre with innumerable spectacular blood and thunder plays, so the *Heike Monogatari* has been a main source for the large class of Japanese thriller movies, the so-called "samurai pictures" which, over there, compete with our Westerns. Eiji Yoshikawa's novel is the first installment of a retelling of the *Heike Monogatari,* the story of the rise of the Heike under Kiyomori, the first struggles with the Genji, and at the end the impending vengeance of the next generation. Although Yoshikawa persistently echoes *The Tale of Genji* and other romances, diaries and poems of classical Japan, he has written essentially a stock modern historical romance, a long, brightly-costumed action story. He has filled in the skeleton of the old romance with novelistic detail, color, conversations, even motivations of a sort, but this is by no means a modern *Tale of Genji.* I suppose the latter is the most profound work of prose fiction in any language. *The Heike Story* belongs in the class of Ernest Haycox and Gordon Young. As such it is very entertaining and filled with always interesting historical detail and background, and so an absorbing introduction to medieval Japanese life. A word of warning—this is very far from being contemporary Japan—a point that once seems to have escaped even so trained an observer as Ruth Benedict. *The Tale of Genji, The Heike Monogatari, The Forty-Seven Ronin,* do *not* really cast much light on the psychology of modern Japan.

In the Light of Autumn

As far as the shore the leaves are falling,
Some into the falling waves and beyond
The sea, through the emptying length
Of the warm light, again falling. One thinks
Of horses moving heavily and in complete
Silence, with that muted amber
Shining on their flanks, across huge spaces.
This is the time it seems we are most alone with,
Yet still find beautiful. This most
Resembles a silence in ourselves, come to
Reluctantly, but with relief found at last.
Summer is gone, that brilliant stranger.
We walk, without words, in the stilled spaces,
In the light's latter clearness, as though
In company with some ancient unspoken
Understanding. We are by ourselves
With the deepening quiet, the long shadows, with the fall,
With what the year has become, and what we are.

W. S. MERWIN

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KIKOU YAMATA is what publishers call a valuable property. She is of Japanese and French parentage, married to a Swiss artist, writes in French, and in Europe is perhaps the most popular interpreter of Japan to the West. Last year John Day published a novel, *Lady of Beauty,* a rather somnambulistic story of a lost, artistocratic hysterical woman, struggling to keep emotionally alive while Japan itself collapsed in war. It wasn't too well translated, but it was readable. The prose of this translation is so bad it reads like a practical joke.

Three Geishas is a journalistic account of three women, one the concubine of the first American Consul, the others sentimental heroines of this century. Memoirs of ladies like this are popular in the Japanese newspapers, and this book echoes the vulgarity and misinformation of such stories. If you want information about the lives of three quite typical geishas, grit your teeth and go ahead. But be careful. For instance, Zen Buddhism (which everybody knows about now, and which is rapidly replacing marihuana as the latest thing south of Fourteenth Street) is certainly not a school of deductive logic! The book is full of such howlers, reflections of the modern, westernized Japanese incomprehension of a great cultural heritage. Better "source material" can be found in *Geisha of Pontocho,* written by P. D. Perkins two years ago.

Lewis on the Run

WITH LOVE FROM GRACIE. Sinclair Lewis: 1912-1925. By Grace Hegger Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Co. $5.75.

Josephine Herbst

IN ALL his novels Sinclair Lewis never created a character as complex as himself. Elmer Gantry and Babbitt seem clumsy compared to the watch-works of the demon worker, the mercurial friend, the compulsive conversationalist, the effervescent mimic, the restless doomed traveler who was Lewis.

Whatever else he may have tried to be, he was first and last the born writer. The role of family man never came easily. In *With Love from Gracie,* his first wife sets down her remembrance of things past, beginning with their meeting. It was an awkward encounter; her bag was knocked from her hand; his hat blew off. He was "Charlie Chaplin, himself."

Lewis was a poorly paid reader for a New York publisher; Grace Hegger was on the editorial staff of *Vogue.* In contrast to his upbringing in grim Sauk Center her English background must have seemed glamorous. Her "tall, elegant" father had owned a gallery on Fifth Avenue and had sailed in a dahabeah on the Nile.

When their son was born Grace hoped to make a real home, but Lewis was more than ever goaded to "travel, to learn, to see." From then on they were on the move; Carmel, Wisconsin, Sauk Center, Washington, New York, Paris.

Lewis was ready for anything except to be still. When Grace played the piano he wanted to learn. She loved to dance but he had "no twinkle in his toes." But he could write. At every stop his first remark was "Where do I write?" From his old valise would come boxes of paper, his pencils, his erasers, his green eye-shade. Grace Lewis really makes you see the dedicated dynamo at work. But he could never learn to take pleasure in growing things, in a flower, a tree, or a child. He was barely acquainted with his son, the lonely child who was always parked somewhere else.

An authentic character who looks and acts like Lewis begins to take the spotlight, emerging brashly, shyly amidst details indirectly related to him. Marriage changed neither of them; Grace was a strong character too. He might like to dine in an elegant spot but he was more interested in the life of the waiter than the food. Her addiction to gentility is reflected in her comments: we get only the seamy side of Greenwich Village; Emma Goldman at a rowdy Webster Hall ball cuts bread like a housewife; the Gurdjieff crowd at Fontainebleu embarrass her; the left bank of Paris seems chiefly cluttered with "no-goods" at a period when she might have seen Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Ford, Hemingway and even James Joyce at a Montparnasse cafe.

Lewis dedicated *Main Street* to James Branch Cabell and Joseph Hergeshimer. Why? In one of her shrewder shots Hergesheimer appears as a petulent snob who considered

JOSEPHINE HERBST is the author of Rope of Gold, Somewhere the Tempest Fell, *and other novels.*

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only Joseph Conrad and Gosse competent to give an opinion of his work. Cabell is eclipsed by a description of the hotel where the Lewises stopped on their visit to him. Names, names, names; they are all fascinating and many of them the greatest of their day. But they seem only way-stations on the Lewis journey. We know what they had for dinner at the Harold Laskis; what John Maynard Keynes served and what his wife wore. Virginia Woolf was there; Osbert Sitwell was there. They had dinner with Galsworthy; with William Dean Howells. With few exceptions these people remain gray blurs drowned in menus, descriptions of rooms, Grace's costumes.

Before all his traveling, there was Sauk Center and out of Dr. Lewis, Sinclair's father, Grace makes considerably more than a gray blur. The gruff, bleak, honorable man whose narrow code in a narrow environment led his son straight to *Main Street* is given form and content.

This account has its rewards, perhaps in ways the author didn't intend. But an account by Mark Schorer of Lewis' last home in the Villa *La Costa* at Florence will give you more insight into the desperado, the lonely genius who, like Lawrence, was always a tumbleweed.

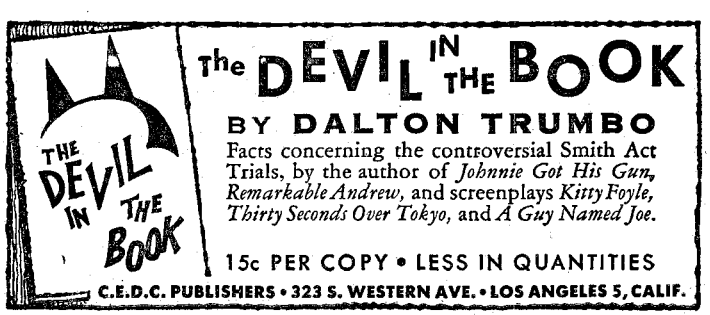
Race in Unions

EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY. A Union Approach to Fair Employment. By John Hope II. Public Affairs Press. $3.25.

By Harvey O'Connor

THE BEST job done by any union in the anti-discrimination field is described by John Hope II, director of Fisk University's industrial relations division, in *Equality of Opportunity*. Like many unions, the Packinghouse Workers passed splendid resolutions in convention; unlike most, it then decided to enforce them. In common with many unions, Packinghouse devised an elaborate education campaign and then found out that "education" is best achieved through specific action in local unions on the myriad types of discrimination. Mr. Hope describes such job actions and the attitudes of membership. How stubborn are prejudices is revealed in his polls of white union members in New Orleans and Fort Worth; the vast majority are still for "separate but equal" facilities for Negroes outside the plants. Obviously Packinghouse's job has just begun, but the union deserves "A" for both effort and achievement, particularly in the South.

HARVEY O'CONNOR, author of *The Empire of Oil,* was publicity director, Oil Workers International Union—CIO, 1945-48.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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ABOUT EVERY revival of a famous and familiar play two questions should be asked: what creative quality does the new production possess, independently of any preconceived notion we may have, and second, in so far as the production purports to be a rendering of what the dramatist meant, to what degree does it succeed?

To my (partial) astonishment, I find that most discussions of Shakespeare or Shaw revivals center on our taste for this or that particular actor, for this or that particular stage arrangement—quite apart from any unified meaning the producers hoped to give their presentation. The text itself is taken for granted, as if, to begin with, we all unquestionably knew what *Hamlet* or *King Lear* or *Saint Joan* are truly about.

FOR a production to have any artistic value, the play must be created afresh each time we enter the theatre. We must behave as much as possible as if we have never seen it before—which, in fact, is the truth—because Olivier's *Hamlet* is not the same play as Redgrave's or Guinness'—even though the texts are identical.

Generally speaking, I do not approve of those "revolutionary" productions which attempt to transvaluate all of a play's values: for example, the notorious 1932 Vachtangov Theatre production in Moscow in which Hamlet was turned into an indolent dilettante, Ophelia into a bawd and Claudius' court into a burlesque hotbed of decadence. Yet such productions have at least this merit: they emphasize the challenge which each production presents to the company that undertakes it to make a new, living and meaningful whole of the staged play.

What I got from the Cambridge Drama Festival's production of Shaw's *Saint Joan* (Phoenix Theatre) is that it was a vehicle for Siobhan McKenna. This may not have been the company's intention but it is what came over. The reason for this is that each actor performs his part, but none of them embodies the dramatic conflict of the play.

Shaw's *Saint Joan* dramatizes the different ways in which people confront life. Joan faces life by a headlong assault on its chief burden — in this case, the forced presence of a foreigner on her homeland. She is inspired by moral passion. The Dauphin wants to do no more than his poor means permit: he is therefore weak and comic. Dunois is a practical soldier who wants to go

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only as far as the common facts of military reality extend: that is why he is cautious. The Archbishop wishes to control reality through dependence on traditional authority —hence, though he is moved by Joan, he will not support her when he sees she recognizes no authority beyond her own conscience. Warwick manages reality for the sake of power—this limits his vision. Cauchon hates heresy, which he identifies with all forces outside the church.

The Chaplain wants to take revenge on every disturber of the peace which he simply equates with the order of custom. For all these reasons, Joan is alone and she must be destroyed—even though no one actually hates her. She is innocent: she knows no truth outside THE TRUTH. This makes her headstrong, unswerving as an arrow, in a word, a saint—who like her creator, G. B. S., is paradoxical, unalterable (from the outside world's point of view), conceited and finally triumphant in purpose if not in person.

THE conflict begins as a joke—the first three scenes are almost farcical—and moves on to something close to heroic tragedy with an epilogue which is, on the whole, wistfully ironic. It is a conflict which never diverts from its course, and is most notably exposed in the Cathedral scene. But what we get on the Phoenix stage, because the actors, though capable, have not thoroughly understood the dramatic motif of the play, is a series of set speeches, would-be clever readings, timid characterizations—nearly always irrelevant to the point of the play.

Siobhan McKenna is an ideal instrument for her role. She has a square, sturdy figure and face, large gleaming eyes, great energy, a powerful voice, a sort of insistent obstinacy, unmistakable sincerity. She is winning in the early scenes through a certain rugged sweetness and candor. But the Joan of this text is not the real "Joan"; it is *Shaw's* Joan, and must convey something more than the expected Joan-like traits. Even religious exaltation is not enough here, for the simplicity of Shaw's Joan is not simple-mindedness, her fervor is not irrational ecstasy but active conviction and fiery purposefulness, her arguments are not merely common sense but driving intelligence.

Because Miss McKenna's characterization is not integrated into an over-all comprehension of the play, she intones to the point of monotony many of her speeches as if they were intended for her own uses of private worship instead of being weapons used to overwhelm her ideological adversaries. (After all, Joan employs close reasoning as well as messianic exhortation.) Miss Mc Kenna frequently spells out the author's thought, so that while the words and sentences are made utterly clear, the scenes as links in the progression of the play's dramatic conflict become vague and ultimately unimpressive. The production is a creative nonentity.

RECORDS

B. H. Haggin

OF THE Mozart records that continue to be issued this anniversary year one of the best is Epic LC-3233, with two of the later and greater symphonies—K.504 (*Prague*) and 425 (*Linz*)—that are heard less frequently than the others, and with superb performances in which van Otterloo not only paces, shapes and articulates the musical progressions effectively but gets the Vienna Symphony to . . . with beauty and refinement of tone and execution.

On Epic LC-3229 Karl Boehm, conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, surprises one with a performance of Mozart's Symphony K.551 (the so-called *Jupiter*) that has a continuity of flow not usually heard in his performances. The Minuet is a little, but not excessively, slow. The record also offers the early Symphony K.184, which is more like an overture with its three connected movements—the opening Allegro mostly proclamatory gestures, the Andante lovely, the final Allegro fair. And the Symphony K.318, which resembles an overture even more, since the charming second subject of the opening Allegro recurs after the lyrical Andante in the brief closing Allegro. Even with their engaging pages these are minor pieces which I don't think should be put on a record with a work of such stature as K.551.

MOZART'S Violin Concerto K.207, on Epic LC-3230, which I don't recall having heard before, turns out to be smaller in scale and less impressive in substance than the well-known K.216, 218 and 219; but it has an engagingly high-spirited first movement and a lovely Adagio in which the solo violin's first entrance is breath-taking as played by Grumiaux in a fine performance with the Vienna Symphony under Paumgartner. The Concerto K.271a on the reverse side is an uninteresting

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piece whose authenticity is in doubt —two reasons for not putting it on this record.

The *Haffner* Serenade K.250 (which is not the work from which the four movements of the great *Haffner* Symphony K.385 were taken) is on Vanguard 483, with a few changes from the version that has been performed until now: it is introduced by the March K.249 that introduced it originally, and incorporates a tympani part for some of the movements and a revised scoring for the trio of the fifth movement that have been found in a later manuscript. The notes on the envelope make much of the large symphonic style that is heard in this work; however the best writing is not in the "symphonic" first and last movements but in the engaging Minuets and Rondo, the lovely, if diffuse, Andantes, that are characteristic of the serenade. I can imagine more effective performances than the one Woeldike produces with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and an undistinguished violin soloist, Philipp Mattheis.

As it happens, the Divertimento K.251 is played more effectively by Münchinger and his Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra on London LL-1393. This is a smaller work, of which I like the first, third and fifth movements more than the others. Also on the record are the sixteen-year-old Schubert's Five Minuets and Five German Dances, which include occasional fine passages but are not the equal of his later pieces in this genre.

Three unfamiliar Rossini overtures —*The Siege of Corinth, Tancredi* and *The Journey to Rheims* — are played by Rossi and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra on Vanguard 456, in addition to the well-known *L'Italiana in Algeri, Il Turco in Italia, La Cenerentola* and *Semiramide*. And the first two are played also by young Pierino Gamba and the London Symphony on London LL-1366, with the familiar *Il Signor Bruschino, La Cenerentola* and *William Tell. Tancredi* and *The Journey to Rheims* follow the usual Rossini pattern enjoyably; but *The Siege of Corinth* is highly unusual and interesting in the variety and the extensive, symphonic development of its thematic substance. Gamba's performances offer beautiful phrasing, articulating and shaping of the music and precise, fine-sounding playing by the orchestra; Rossi's do not; and while Rossi whips up tempos excitingly in *The Siege of Corinth*, his performances of *L'Italiana, La Cenerentola* and *Semiramide* lack energy and tension. In addition their recorded sound lacks solidity and impact.

IT WAS one of Mengelberg's "princips," as he called them, that "in Tchaikovsky everysing *exaggéré*"; but how effective Tchaikovsky's music is when played without the traditional exaggeration is demonstrated by Ataulfo Argenta's superb performance of the Symphony No. 4 with L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande on London LL-1275. This is the first performance by Argenta that I have heard; and it makes me look forward with interest to the next.

Tchaikovsky's *Mozartiana,* his skillful orchestration of several piano pieces by Mozart, including the extraordinary Gigue K.574 and the fine Variations K.455 on *Unser dummer Poebel meint,* is played poorly by van Kempen with the Lamoureux Concerts Orchestra on Epic LC-3213. The record also offers Tchaikovsky's Serenade Op. 48 for strings, of which the Allegro of the first movement is rushed but the rest is played acceptably.

Fournier's usually beautiful cello tone is dry and whining in his performance of the Dvorak Concerto with the Vienna Philharmonic under Kubelik on London LL-1106.

A Repeater

I have seen, and would see again,
On the breast of that woman
The images of the forest
And of the waterfall and glen,
The difficult harmonies of the ocean,
The poisons of the wicked,
The flowers of the artistic.

And I have seen nothing at all there
But myself, herself, her prosaic flesh
Become monotonous and carefree
And casually comfortable, have seen
Tattoos there and newspaper ads from
The classified, and napkins and toilet
Tissues, the commonest things you can name.

I have seen, and would see again,
The secrets there my youth did not know
Existed so soft and round in the ripe world,
The fruits of the garden before the worm,
The ocean at noon, the west at sunset,
The belief-in-being that woman is real.

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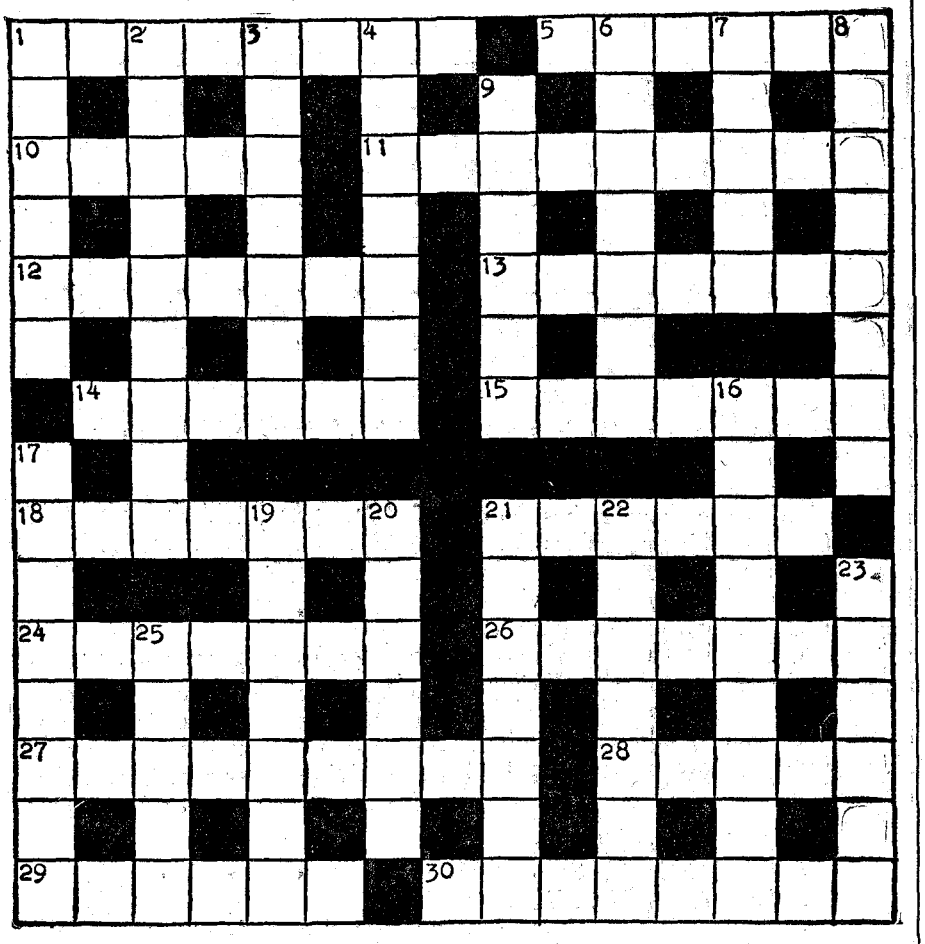
Crossword Puzzle No. 691

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Need just this to be recklessly put together? (8)
5 An awkward step is taken, and is disposed to irritate. (6)
10 A finer mixture, as one might surmise. (5)
11 This might help keep things 13, on the level! (9)
12 A token that insures the listener getting home. (7)
13 See 17 down
14 Might be safe for a hacker, by the sound of it. (6)
15 One of those who gather in left field? (7)
18 This could settle his hash if he has wild ideas! (7)
21 Harry. (6)
24 Perhaps draw, conceivably drug. (7)
26 More like Boy Blue? (7)
27 A person to act on the mark might need plenty of pluck. (9)
28 Grows together, but might be offensive in return. (5)
29 They might hang like a bone in a broken nose. (6)
30 Constantly recurs. (8)

DOWN:

1 It comes in when you do to some of the laundry. (6)
2 Like the villain in a ruse of uncertainty. (9)
3 Reflexively royal. (7)
4 It might replace a match of much less than heavyweights. (7)
6 Father's no fool, by the way! (7)
7 See 22 down
8 Their work is bound to be refined. (8)
9 Being wrong about throwing away a fish-head? (6)
16 Unique neckwear and other small articles of adornment. (9)
17 and 13 across Were they responsible for meat, bread, and light containers? (5, 3, 2, 1, 4)
19 This is to love a man. (7)
20 While this musical comedy girl displays a bonnet ribbon. (6)
21 A body of persons having common interests or corporate functions. (7)
22, 7 down, and 25 down Evidently one can't take such a step alone. (2, 5, 3, 2, 5)
23 Dickens said one of these was good for the lips, along with prunes. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 690:

ACROSS: 1 DADDY LONGLEGS; 10 MALMSEY; 11 ABAXIAL; 12 RETAINERS; 13 UNION; 14 CHARGE; 16 IDEOLOGY; 19 NAUTICAL; 20 UNUSED; 22 BRASH; 23 ASCETICAL; 25 THIMBLE; 26 AEOLIAN; 27 INTERSPERSION. DOWN: 2 ALLOT; 3 DISTINGUISHABLE; 4 LAYMEN; 5 NEAR SIDE; 6 LEAGUE OF NATIONS; 7 GRIDIRONS; 8 AND 9 AMERICAN PLAN; 15 ADULATION; 17 YODELING; 18 PALAVERS; 21 SCRAPE; 22 BATS; 24 CAIRO.

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